



"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,—TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1804.

ESSAYS.

THE PASSENGER—No. VII.

YOU recollect, madam, said the Doctor that when pestilential disease attacked the constitutions of our citizens, and interrupted the progress of business, a motive was not wanting to call public attention to their sufferings and their danger; by the impulse of this motive, that excellent institution, a *Board of Health*, came into existence. Why then should not the same regard for public and individual security, call up all our energies in searching for the cause and the cure of those infectious epidemics which arrest the mental constitution, and destroy the moral principle; interrupting the progress of useful knowledge, virtuous habits, and amiable manners?

Judicious laws, are from time to time enacted to restrain vice, and preserve the rights, and the peace of society; these in the early stages of population, are sufficient to keep within moderate bounds the passions of the few: but in proportion to the increase of numbers, and the associations of the base, those laws lose their power, until, as in some Asiatic and European cities, security is doubtful, even in the grave. If this be the case in despotic governments, where the will of the sovereign is the law of the land, or in those where the rights of the people are absorbed in the power of their nobles, can it be expected, where the bounds of legal energy are set by a free people, nobly jealous of their liberty, wisely guarded at every point against the encroachments of tyranny, and rapidly encreasing in population, that any codes of written statutes, shall, without other means, secure to the nation her moral respectability, to her peaceful citizens the quiet of their wishes, or to the hand of industry, the fruit of its labor?

If my theory be correct, it becomes evident, that in a republic, more than in any other government, a watchful guard of her good citizens is required, to check the sowing of those mental weeds which, when ripened in the soil, can be but partially, very partially, extracted by the ordinances of the legislator.

I shall next attempt to demonstrate that

America, more than any other republic, has claims on the wisdom and goodness of her leading characters, in all her towns and cities, to assist the municipal laws, in arraying virtue in her native charms, and rendering her the favorite of the people.

One of the most prominent characteristics of this country is a laudable spirit of enterprize;—now it is the natural consequence of encreasing population, that a spirit of base enterprize with the vicious part of society, will equal, if not excel, the spirit of useful enterprize with the upright; thousands of instances which exhibit the truth of this position, come not within the cognizance of law, and nothing can so effectually check the growth of this evil, as placing the oppressor and the swindler in that contemptuous light, which their merciless attacks and perfidious artifices deserve. Fashion only can do this, and only influential characters can establish the fashion.

I have now explained motives, madam, which rest on facts, and which I should suppose would have some weight with the patriot for the good of his country, with the law-giver for promoting the effect of his ordinances;—with the opulent for the security of property;—with the indigent as a shield from rapacity;—and, last, but not least, with the parent for the happiness of his child.

I thank you, sir, for explaining those motives, said the lady;—they appear to be sufficiently influential for urging conviction on the minds of all the rational, the thinking part of society;—but I hope that in asking for them I did not interrupt the arrangement of your proposed establishment, of which you had begun to give the outlines;—your description of motives has encreased my desire for hearing the whole system.

No interruptions, said the Doctor, will derange my ideas on this theme;—it is a subject which has engrossed my reflections, until I have become almost an enthusiast; and I receive exquisite pleasure in meeting with one of those whom you very pertinently style the *rational*, the *thinking* part of society, who will so patiently listen to my remarks. By the manner in which he expressed this, it was evidently designed as a

respectful compliment to the lady;—she bowed an acknowledgement, and he proceeded.

I began with measures for preventing licentious manners in the streets, of which I gave but a sketch, not descending to numerous particulars which might be added, such as the intolerable cruelty daily exercised on brute animals, by drivers more brutish than the beasts they drive;—encumbrances which block the public path;—showers of fire with which youth render the squares, the streets, and even the dwellings of the citizens dangerous on the evenings of rejoicing days;—intoxicated beings in the high ways, dead to sense and motion;—these and many other specimens of baseness, of inconvenience, rudeness, or of depravity would naturally come under the first article of my system?—but I wish not to be so minute as to be tiresome, and shall therefore proceed to give a general outline of the second article.

The citizen, who had been silently listening to the discourse, now interrupted it, with observing that some of the entient nations had a custom of intoxicating their slaves, and exhibiting them in that state to their children, to deter youth from the vice of drunkenness; and why, said he, may not such instances as we saw yesterday, have such an effect on the rising generation now?

I will give you two reasons, sir, said the Doctor, why they must have a contrary effect. First, bad examples more naturally beget their likeness than disgust. Second, terrific objects lose their terror by familiarity: If you had never been witness of a thunder storm, what must be your sensations on seeing a vivid flash of lightening, and hearing a tremendous peal of artillery in the air? Take the instance of yesterday for a test of my theory;—the terrors which the young lady suffered, who sits behind you, had nearly thrown her into a swoon, until she was informed of the cause which had laid a fellow creature in the dust; and after receiving the information, her astonishment was as great, as her terror had been before. To her, this was the first sight of the kind; the rest of us had been familiarized to such scenes, and should probably have passed this, without a remark.

The stage here stopped, at a moment when the passengers appeared to feel a keener appetite for the continuation of the discourse than for refreshment. Could I suspect that any of my readers would have a similar desire, I should feel a sincere regret, at the necessity of deferring his gratification, until the next number. [Boston Magazine.]

ON THE FOLLY OF PROCRASTINATION.

"Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise,
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
'Till the whole stream that stopt him shall be gone,
Which runs, and as it runs, forever shall run on."

THERE is nothing in which people more frequently deceive and cheat themselves, than in their purposes and plans for the future regulation of their lives. Few live at present in such a manner as gives them rational ground of satisfaction; yet most people intend, or think they intend, to live well, at some future period. The sons and daughters of mirth, who use life merrily as a frolicsome holiday, look forward in the moment of reflection, to some distant time when they design to treat life as a serious thing. Sensualists flatter themselves that, after a few more years of indulgence, they will break the fatal enchantment and live as becomes rational beings. The rich man of even three score, whose whole soul has through a long life been absorbed in constant and eager efforts to accumulate wealth, says sometimes in his heart, "I will yet give myself a little respite from worldly cares; and will employ a small remnant of days in securing my title to the unfading inheritance."

Thus people lull themselves with ineffectual resolves and hollow promises: on the altar of deceit, they make their oblation of an incense, such as the great tragic poet calls "limber vows." There is always a fallacy in resolves of amendment, when some future time is assigned for beginning the work. Whoever is unwilling to give attention to the business of self-correction TO DAY, cannot be sincere in resolving to attend to it hereafter; because, if possessing the same dispositions, their repugnance will be as great and their objections as strong TO-MORROW, next year, or any future time, as they are at present. Accordingly, the Book that teaches wisdom, solemnly exhorts and commands the children of men to seek her NOW.

REMARKABLE.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PESTILENCE.

IN the month of July, 17th, a very corpulent lady died at—in—. Before her death, she begged as a particular favor to be buried in the parochial church. She had died on the Wednesday, and on the following Saturday was buried accordingly to her desire.—The next day the clergyman,

preached her funeral sermon; the weather was uncommonly hot; and it ought to be observed, that for several months preceding her death, a great drought had prevailed, not a drop of rain had fallen, and consequently it was an uncommon sultry season. The succeeding Sunday, a week after the body had been buried, the Protestant clergyman had a very full congregation, upwards of nine hundred persons attending, that being the day for administering the holy sacrament. The weather still continuing very hot, many were obliged, during the service, to walk out for a little while to prevent their fainting, whilst some had actually fainted away. It is the custom in Germany, that when people wish to receive the sacrament, they neither eat nor drink until the ceremony is entirely over.

The worthy clergyman preached about an hour and a quarter; he then consecrated the bread and wine, which ought to be uncovered during the ceremony. There were about 180 communicants. A quarter of an hour after the ceremony, before they had quitted the church, more than 60 of the communicants were taken ill; several died in the most violent agonies; others of a more vigorous constitution, survived by the help of medical assistance: a most violent consternation pervaded amongst the whole congregation, and throughout the town. It was concluded that the wine had been poisoned, and so it was generally believed. The sacristan, and several others belonging to the vestry, were immediately arrested and put in irons.

The clergyman on the succeeding Sunday, preached with a great deal of enthusiasm, and pointed out to the congregation several others concerned in the plot. This enthusiastic sermon, I am sorry to say, is in print; as also the violent proceedings of the clergyman and the magistrate against many of the unfortunate people arrested. The persons accused underwent very great hardships: during the space of a week they were confined in a dungeon, and some of them were put to the torture, but still persisted in their innocence.

On the Sunday following, the magistrate ordered that a chalice of wine, uncovered, should be placed for the space of an hour upon the altar, which had scarcely elapsed, when they beheld the wine filled with myriads of insects; and, by tracing whence they came, it was at length perceived by the rays of the sun, that they issued from the grave of the lady who had been buried the preceeding fortnight. The people not belonging to the vestry were dismissed, and four men were employed to open the grave and the coffin; in doing which, two of them dropped down and expired on the spot, and the other two were only saved by the utmost exertion of medical talents. It is beyond the power of words to describe the horrid

sight of the corpse when the coffin was opened. The whole was an entire mass of putrefaction; and it was now clearly demonstrated, that the numerous insects, both large and small, together with the effluvia which had issued from the body, had caused this pestilential infection, which was, a week before, attributed to poison. I am happy to add, that, on this discovery, the persons accused were instantly liberated, and every atonement made by the clergyman and magistrate for their misguided conduct.

AMUSING.

A SINGULAR STORY OF A VENTRILOQUIST.

A VENTRILOQUIST, it is very well known, is a person, who, by drawing the air into the lungs, has the power of speaking inwardly, without any visible motion of the lips; and who, by means of this astonishing faculty, possesses a peculiar art of forming his speech, and modifying his voice, so as to make the sound proceed from any direction or distance he pleases.—The name, indeed, is derived from the Latin—*Venter*, the belly; and *loqui*, to speak. This wonderful power was possessed in a most eminent degree by Louis Brabant, the valet of Francis 1st, who could not only emit a voice from any distance, or in any direction; but had also the art of counterfeiting any voice he had ever heard.

Of this extraordinary man, the following story is related; and as the period when he lived, the existence of the quality was far from being generally known, it seems by no means incredible.

Our Ventriloquist it seems had fallen most desperately in love, with a young, beautiful, and rich heiress; but was rejected by the parents as an unsuitable match for their daughter.

The father happening to die, Louis waited on the widow, who was totally ignorant of his singular talent, pretending to condole with her on her loss; when suddenly, in the open day, in her own house, and in the presence of several friends, she hears herself addressed, in a voice perfectly resembling that of her deceased husband, and seeming to proceed from above—"Give my daughter in marriage to Louis Brabant! he is a man of great fortune, and of an excellent character. I now suffer the torments of purgatory, for having refused her to him. If you obey this admonition, I shall soon be delivered from this place of torment. You will at the same time provide a worthy husband for your daughter, and procure everlasting repose for the soul of your poor husband."

The widow could not, for a moment, resist the dreadful summons; which had not the most distant appearance of proceeding from Louis Brabant, whose countenance exhibited no visible change, and whose lips

were close and motionless during the delivery of it. She consents to receive him as her son-in-law.—Louis's finances were in a low situation; and the formalities attending the marriage contract, rendered it necessary for him to exhibit some show of riches; nor must his real circumstances give the ghost the lie direct. Accordingly he goes to work on a fresh subject—one Cornu, an old and rich banker, at Lyons, who had accumulated immense wealth by usury and extortions, and was known to be haunted with remorse of conscience, on account of the manner in which he had acquired it.

Passing over preliminary steps, and preparations, behold Louis Brabant *tete-a-tete* with the old usurer, in his little back parlor at Lyons; preparing him for the ensuing operations, but artfully turning the conversation on religious subjects, the reality of demons and spectres, the pains of purgatory, and the never ceasing torments of hell. During an interval of silence between them, a voice is heard—which to the astonished banker, seems that of his deceased father, complaining of his dreadful situation in purgatory: and calling on him instantly to deliver him from thence, by putting into the hands of the worthy Louis Brabant, then with him, a large sum of money, for the redemption of christians in slavery with the Turks, threatening him at the same time with eternal damnation, if he did not likewise take this method to expiate his own sins!—It may readily be supposed, that Louis Brabant affected a due degree of astonishment on the occasion, and that he further promoted the deception, by acknowledging his having devoted himself to the prosecution of the charitable design imputed to him by the ghost. As an old usurer, however, is naturally suspicious; accordingly the wary banker made an appointment with the ghost's delegate for the next day; when to render any design of imposition on him utterly abortive, he took him into the open fields; where not a house, a tree, a bush, or even a pit was in sight, capable of screening any possible confederate.

This extraordinary caution, called forth all the powers of our ventriloquist. Wherever the banker conducts him, at every step, his ears are saluted on all sides, with the complaints and groans, not only of his father, but of his deceased relations, imploring of him for the love of God, in the name of every saint in the callender, to have mercy on his own soul and theirs, by effectually seconding with his purse, the intention of his righteous companion. Cornu could no longer resist the voice of heaven, and accordingly carries his guest home with him, and pays him down *ten thousand crowns!* with which sum the honest ventriloquist returns to Paris, and marries his mistress.

The catastrophe proved fatal to the old usurer; for, the secret being revealed, and

reaching his ear, he was so greatly affected at the loss of his money, and the mortifying railleries of his neighbors, that he took to his bed and soon died.

PANEGRIC ON DRUNKENNESS.

"Who by disgrace or by ill fortune sunk,
Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk."

HIPPOCRATES says, that it does a man good to get drunk once a month. I won't say it follows that it must of course, do him much more good to get drunk daily; but, I know there are many people who from practice seem firmly persuaded of it. Horace next tells us, that poets who drink water can never make good poetry; and Athenæus assures us, that Alcæus & Aristophanes wrote poetry when they were intoxicated. Socrates too was a clever fellow; and he according to Lucian was always drunk, for, in conformity to his own confession, he saw all things double. Further, let us take the word *methe*; what does it signify? Why both mirth (the son of Bacchus) and *drunkenness*, so nearly are they allied. Then in his Flaccus affirms that wine makes us eloquent; and this is confirmed by Kotzebue, Benyowski, where we read that fish are mute for no other reason than that they drink nothing but water.

Besides, when are men so full of morality, truth and charity, as when they are half seas over? And let me add, that Hogarth observes, that "all the common and necessary motions, for the purposes of life, are performed by men in straight lines; but the graceful and ornamental movements are made in curved lines." Such are all the movements of a drunken man; he must, therefore, be the most *graceful* of men. It may be said, indeed, that the vine has produced much evil; and I may be told, as a proof, that Erigone was discovered by Bacchus in the shape of a bunch of grapes. Well I know it; and I know also that Erigone is not the only girl that has been discovered by means of the *grape*. But now in opposition to that circumstance, which is so trifling when compared to the advantages I have already stated; let me ask whether soberness has not its direful evils: Was not Herma-goras banished Ephesus for too great sobriety? Could inebriety cause any thing more afflicting than banishment?

[The following humorous account of a political and allegorical drama, is from the pen of Sir Richard Steele.]

The author of the play has represented *Absolute Power*, in the person of a tall man, with a hat and feather, who gives his first minister, that stands just before him, a huge kick; the minister gives the kick to the next before him; and so on to the end of the stage. In this moral and practicable jest, you are made to understand, that there is in absolute government, no gratification

but giving the kick you receive from one above you to one below you. This is performed to a grave and melancholy air, but on a sudden the tune moves quicker, and the whole company fall into a circle and take hands:—then, at a certain sharp note, they move round and kick as kick can. This latter performance he makes to be the representation of a free state, where, if you all mind your steps, you may go round and round very jollily, with a motion pleasant to yourselves, and those you dance with; nay, if you put yourselves out, at the worst you only kick and are kicked like friends and equals.

The Turf.—At the last rural revels on the Dicker, called the Bat and the Ball-fair, the knowing ones in horse-racing were completely taken in by a younker, who came there just as the horses were entering for a large Silver cup, mounted on a shabby looking mare, with her legs bound up, and having the appearance of a complete cripple; the youth, whose exterior was as mean as was that of his mare, said after surveying three horses which had already been entered, and which were walking about in all the pride of ornament, "Dang it, I've a great mind to enter my Old Mare;" the bystanders smiled contemptuously at the young man, and sneeringly advised him to do so. The deposit having been made, and the mare entered, the youth declared he had a twenty pound note in his pocket, which he would bet his mare won the cup, the bet was presently taken, and others to nearly double the amount laid. On preparing for the race, the knowing ones were not a little surprised at finding the young man's Old Mare converted, by rubbing off a coat of dirt and sweat, and taking the bandages from her legs, into a Fine Blooded Filly, and the shabby looking youth, by throwing off a ragged coat and waistcoat, was as instantly transformed to a smart looking jockey, in a satin jacket and cap. The race commenced, and the Old Mare with apparent difficulty won the first heat; at the second she easily distanced all her competitors; and the youth, having received his cups and his bets, resumed his shabby coat, remounted his bit of blood, rode off, saying, "I hope, gentlemen, you'll remember the Old Mare!"

A man who had a very flat nose, having sneezed in the presence of a jester, the latter cried out "May heaven preserve your sight." He who sneezed, being surprised at the wish, asked him the reason of it?—"Because," replied the wag, "your nose is not fit to wear spectacles."

MARRIED, on Sunday evening, the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Muhlenberg, Mr. John Schwartz, of this Borough, to the amiable Miss Catharine Nagle, daughter of Peter Nagle, Esq. of Reading.

POETRY.

THE MOSS-COVER'D COT.

IN yon moss-cover'd cot, that's with ivy o'er spread,
The poor village cottager dwells;
There freely distributes his honest earn'd bread,
As the plain rustic story he tells.

While his children sit smiling around him so gay,
Or climb up his knee for a kiss;
For the bread they receive filial duty they pay,
And make it the cottage of bliss.

In the flower-woven bow'r, by the side of the cot,
Return'd from the toils of the day,
'Midst his fam'ly he sits, his fatigues are forgot;
They smile all his sorrows away.

'Tis a lov'd virtuous wife that adorns his neat cot,
Her looks are good humor'd and gay;
Thus blest with a partner, content with his lot,
He smiles in the eve of his day.

To Miss —, Weeping.

OH! if your tears are given to care,
If real woe distress your peace,
Come to my bosom, weeping fair,
And I will bid your weeping cease.

But, if with fancy's vision'd fears,
With dreams of woe your bosom thrill;
You look so lovely in your tears,
That I must bid you drop them still.

THE EMPTY GUN.

AS Dick and Tom in fierce dispute engage,
And face to face the noisy contest wage—
"Don't cock your chin at me," Dick smartly cries,
"Fear not—his head's not *charged*," a friend replies.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN e'er you marry, to his son
A prudent father said,
Take for thy loving help-mate, one
Rich widow, or rich maid:
For any wife may turn out ill,
But, gad! the money never will.

NOVELIST.

ZIMEO.—A TALE.

[Continued from Page 72.]

AT this time Zimeo was affected and agitated with various emotions; lifting up to heaven his eyes, that were ready to overflow, "O Great Orissa," cried he, "thou who hast formed the heart, look down on these grateful men, these true men, and punish the barbarians that despise us, and treat us as we do not treat the beasts that thou hast made for our use!"

After this exclamation, he gave the hand of friendship to Wilmot and Filmer, "thanks to Orissa," says he, "I have found some whites that I can love! my destiny is in your power, and all the riches I have made myself master of, shall be yours, in return for the favor I have to ask of you."

Wilmot assured him that he would, without recompence, do him any service that was in his power: he invited him to repose himself, and ordered refreshments to be brought for his attendants.

"My friend," said he, "the Great Orissa knows that Zimeo is not naturally cruel; but the whites have separated me from 'all I hold dear; from the wise Matomba, who was the friend and the guide of my youth; and from the young beauty, who was my heart's whole treasure. Think not hardly, ye men of peace, of the unfortunate Zimeo, you can procure him a ship, and you can conduct him to the place where those are detained, who are necessary to his existence."

At this moment, a young slave, a native of Benin, coming to speak with Wilmot, no sooner cast his eyes on Zimeo, than he gave a shriek, and retired with the greatest precipitation. Zimeo was silent for a moment, when, turning to Wilmot and his friend, "listen, ye men of peace," said he, "to the story of my misfortunes: and acknowledge that I deserve your pity rather than your detestation."

The great Dame, sovereign of Benin, whose heir I am, sent me, according to the ancient custom of the kingdom, to be educated by the husbandmen of Onebo. I was given in charge to Matomba, the wisest among them, the wisest of men. At the court of my father, his counsel had often prevented evil, and been productive of good. While he was yet young, he retired to that village, in which, for ages, the heirs of the empire have been educated. There Matomba enjoyed all the pleasures that a benign sky, a bountiful soil, and a good conscience can bestow. In the village of Onebo there were no animosities, no idleness, no deceit, no designing priests, no hardness of heart. The young princes had none but the most excellent examples before their eyes. The wise Matomba made me lose those sentiments of pride, and of indolence, that the court and my earlier instructors had inspired me with. I labored the ground, like my master and his servants: I was instructed in the operations of agriculture, which makes all our riches: I was taught the necessity of being just, a duty incumbent on all men, that they may be able to educate their children, and cultivate their fields in peace; and I was shewn, that princes, like the laborers of Onebo, must be just towards one another, that they and their subjects may live happy and contented.

"My master had a daughter, the young Ellaroe; I loved her, and soon found that my passion was returned. We had both of us preserved our innocence inviolate; I saw no other in the creation but her; she saw no other but me, and we were happy. Her parents turned this passion to our mutual advantage. I was obedient to every command of Matomba, in the hope of making myself worthy of Ellaroe; and the hope of preserving her place in my heart, made every duty delightful to her. My attainments were all due to her, and her's to me. Five years had we thus spent, with increas-

ing attachment, when I demanded permission of my father to espouse Ellaroe. How I cherished the thought, that she would be my companion on the throne, and my friend in every period of life!

"I was expecting the answer of my father, when two merchants of Portugal arrived at Onebo. They brought, for sale, some implements of husbandry, several articles for domestic use, and some trifles of dress for women and children. We gave them ivory in exchange, and gold dust. They would have purchased slaves, but none, except criminals, are sold in Benin; and there were none of those in the village of Onebo. I questioned them with regard to the arts and the manners of Europe. I found in you arts many superfluities, and in your manners much contradiction. You know the passion which the blacks have for music and dancing. The Portuguese had many instruments unknown to us; and every evening they played on them the gayest and most enchanting airs. The young people of the village gathered together, and danced around them; and there I danced with Ellaroe. The strangers brought us from their ships the most exquisite wines, with liquors and fruits that were delicious to our taste. They sought our friendship, and we loved them truly. They informed us, one day, that they were now obliged to leave us, and to return to their country: the news affected the whole village, but no one more than Ellaroe. They told us, with tears, the day of their departure; they said they would leave us with less regret if we would give them an opportunity to testify their regard by entertaining us on board their ships; they pressed us to repair to them the next morning, with the young men and the prettiest girls of the village. Accordingly, conducted by Matomba, and by some old people for the sake of decency, we set off for the ships.

"Onebo is about five miles from the sea, and we were upon the shore an hour after sunrise. We saw two vessels at a little distance from each other: they were covered with branches of trees, the sails and the cordage were loaded with flowers. As soon as our friends perceived us, they sounded their instruments, and welcomed us with songs. The concert and the decorations promised a delightful entertainment. The Portuguese came to receive us; they divided our company, and an equal number went on board each ship. Two guns were fired; the concert ceased; we were loaded with irons: and the vessels set sail. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

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